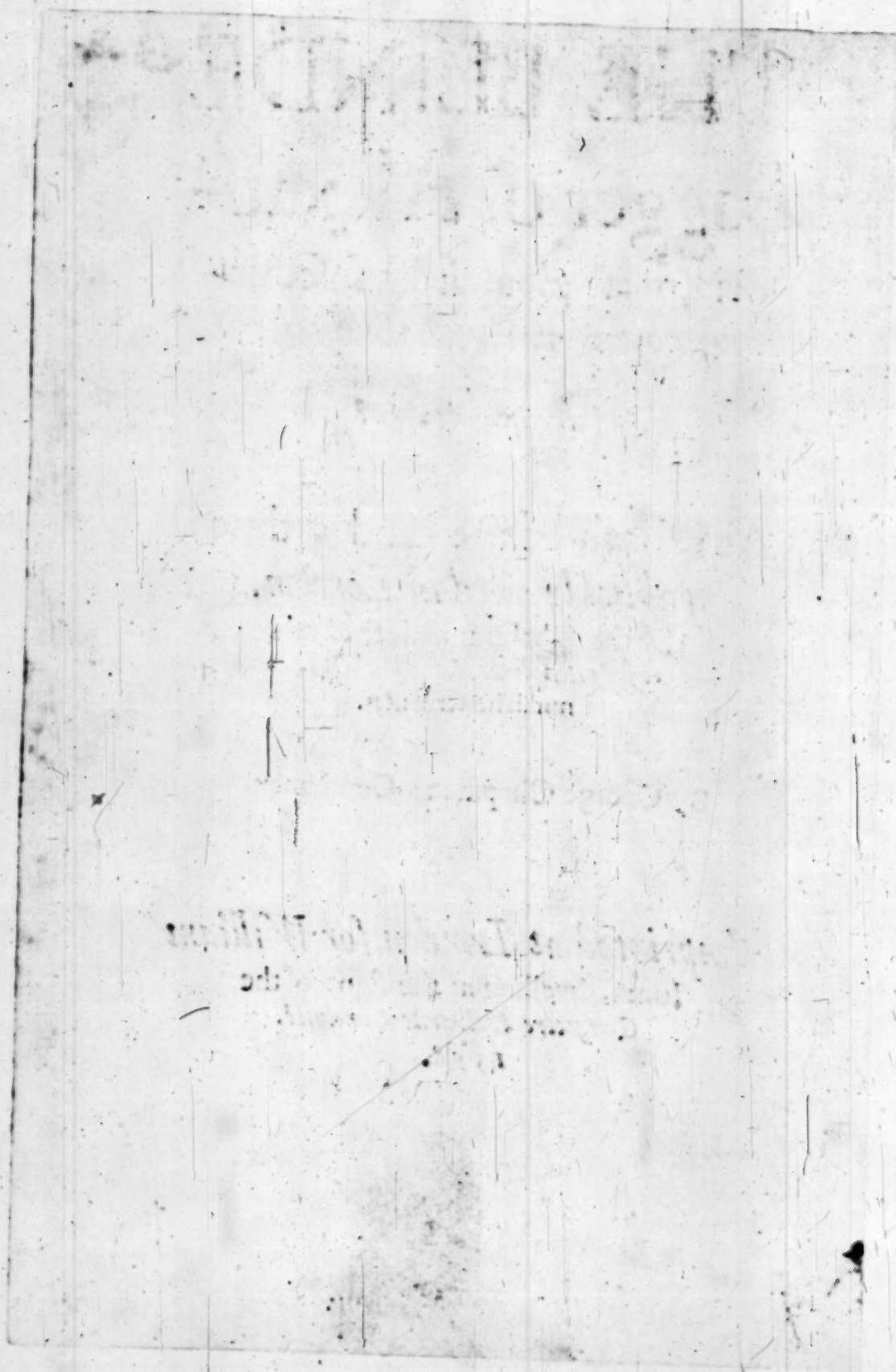


THE BLINDE
begger of Alexan-
dria, most pleasantly discour-
sing his variable humours
in disguised shapes full of
conceits and pleasure.

As it hath beene sundry times
publickly acted in London.
by the right honorable the Earle
of Nottingham, Lord high Ad-
mirall his seruantes.

By George Chapman: Gentleman.

Imprinted at London for William
Iones, dwelling at the signe of the
Gunneere Holburne Conduitt,
1598.



Enter Queene *Aegiale*, *Ianthe*
her maid two counselors.

Aegiale.

Lease me a while my Lordes and waite for me,
At the blacke fountayne, by *Osiris* groue,
Ile walke alone to holy *Irus* caue,
Talking a little while with him and then returne,
Exeunt omnes. Manet Aegiale.

Ianthe begone.

Now *Irus* Let thy mindes eternall eye,
Extend the vertue of it past the Sunne.
Ah my *Cleantes* where art thou become,
But since I saved thy guiltlesse life from death,
And turnd it onely into banishment,
Forgiue me loue, mee pittie comfort mee.

Enter Irus the Begger with Pego.

Pego. Maister. , , ,

Irus. *Pego-*

Pego. VVipe your eyes and you had them.

Irus. VVhy *Pego.*

Pego. The Queene is here to see your blindnes.

Irus. Her Maiestie is wel come, Heauens preserue,
And send her highnes an immortall rayne.

Agi. Thankes reuerent *Irus* for thy gentle prayer,
Dismiss thy man a while and I will lead thee,
For I haue waightie secretes to impart.

Pego. Would I were blind that she might lead mee. *Exit.*

Agi. *Irus* thy skill to tell the driftes of fate,
Our fortunes and thinges hid from sensuall eyes,
Hath sent mee to thee for aduertisement.

VVhere Duke *Cleantes* liues that was exile,

A 2.

This

The Blinde Begger

This kingdome for attemping mee with loue,
And offering stayne to *Egipts* royall bed.

Irus. I hope your maieltie will pardon mee,
If Conscience make me vtter what I thinke,
Of that hye loue affayres twixt him and you.

Egi. I will sweete *Irus* being well assurde,
That whatsoeuer thy sharpe wildomes sees,
In my sad frailtie thou wilt haue regard,
To my estate and name and keepe it close-

Irus. Of that your highnes may be well assurde,
Then I am bound madam to tell you this,
That you your selfe did seeke *Cleanthes* loue,
And to aspire it, made away his Dutches,
VVhich he well knowing and affecting her,
Deare as his life denyed to satisfie,
That kindenesse offered twixt your selfe and him,
Therefore did you in rage informe the Duke,
He sought your loue, and so he banisht him.

Egi. To true it is graue *Irus* thou hast tould,
But for my loues sake which not Gods can rule,
Strike me no more of that wound yet too greene,
But onely tell me where *Cleanthes* is,
That I may follow him in some disguise,
And make him recompence for all his wrong.

Irus *Cleanthes* is about this Cittie off,
VVith whom your maiestie shall meete ere long:
And speake with him, if you will vse such meanes,
As you may vse for his discouery.

Egi. VVhat shall I vse then what is in my power,
I will not vse for his discouery,
Ile bind the winges of loue vnto myne armes,
And like a Eagle prying for her pray,
VVill ouerlook the earthes round face for him,
VVere this sufficient.
Or I will Moorelike learne to swimme and diue,
Into the bottome of the Sea for him.

of Alexandria.

Least being the sonne of *Aegypt* and now set,
Thetis in rage with loue would raniſh him.

Vere this ſufficient.

Irus. But Maddam this muſt be the likeliſt meane
To ſeek him out, and haue him at your will
Let his true picture through your land be ſent.
Oppoſing great rewardes to him that findes him,
And threaten death to them that ſuccour him,
So Ile aſſure your grace ſhall mee with him eare long.

Aegi Happie and bleſt be *Irus* for his ſkill
He ſweetely plantes in my contentious mind,
For which moſt reuerent and religious man,
I giue this Iewell to thee richly worth.
A kentall or an hundreth waight of gold,
Beſtow it as thou liſt on ſome good worke,
For well I know thou nothing dooſt reſerue,
Of all thy riches men beſtow on thee,
But wouldeſt thou leaue this place and poore mans life,
The count of *Aegypt* ſhould imbrace thy feete,
And *Toples* honors be beſtowed on thee,

Irus. I thanke your highnes for thus rayſing mee,
But in this barrenneſſe I am moſt renound.
For wiſdome and the ſight of heavenly thinges,
Shines not ſo cleare as eathlye vanities.

Aegi. Moſt rich is *Irus* in his pouertie
Oh that to finde his ſkill my crowne were loſt,
None but poore *Irus* can of riches boaſt,
Now my *Cleaues* I will ſtraight aduance
Thy louely pictures on each monument
About the Cittie and within the land.
Propoſing twiſe ſiue thouſand Crownes to him,
That findes him to be tendered by my handes,
And a kind kiſſe at my imperiall lipes,
To him that ſuccours him, Ile threaten death,
But he that doth not threaten him ſhall die,
For who is worthy, life will ſee him want.

The blinde Beggar.

To all his pictures when they be dispersed:
VVill I continuall pilgrimages make,
As to the saintes and Idols I adore,
VVhere I will offer sighes, and vowes, and teares.
And sacrifice a hecatombe of beast,
On severall alters built where they are plast,
By them shal *Isis* stature gently stand,
And Ile pretend my lealous rites to her
But my *Cleantes* shall the object bee,
And I will kneele and pray to none but he. *Exit.*

Irus. See *Earth* and *Heaven* where her *Cleantes* is,
I am *Cleantes* and blind *Irus* too,
And more then these, as you shall soone perceave,
Yet but a shepherdes sonne at *Memphis* borne,
And I will tell you how I got that name,
My Father was a fortune teller and from him I learnt his art,
And knowing to grow great, was to grow riche,
Such mony as I got by palmestrie,
I put to vse and by that meanes became
To take the shape of *Levi*. by which name,
I am well knowne a wealthie Vsurer,
And more then this I am two noble men,
Count Hermes is another of my names,
And Duke *Cleantes* whom the *Queene* so loves,
For till the time that I may claime the crowne,
I meane to spend my tyme in sportes of loue,
VVhich in the sequell you shal playnely see,
And Ioy I hope in this my pollicie.

*Enter Pego, Elimine, Samaphis, and Martia with there men
Menippus, Pollidor, and Druso.*

Pego. Oh maister heere comes the three wenches now
Strike it deade for a fortune.

Irus. These are the nymphes of *Alexandria*.
So called because there beauties are so rare.
VVith two of them at once am I in loue

Deepely

of Alexandria.

Deepely and Equally the third of them,
My silly brother heere as much affectes,
VVhom I haue made the Burgomaister of this rich towne,
VVith the great wealth, I haue bestowed on him,
All three are maides kept passing warilye, (vsurer
Yet lately beeing at their Fathers house as I was *Leon* the rich
I fell in loue with them, and there my brother too,
This fitly chaunceth that they haue liberty,
To visit me alone: now will I tell their fortunes so,
As may make way to both their loues at once,
The one as I am *Leon* the rich vsurer,
The other as I am the mad brayne *Count*,
And do the best too, for my brothers loue,

Pe. Thanks good maister brother, but what are they that
Talke with them so long, are they wooers trow,
I do not like it, would they would come neare.

Irus. O those are three seruantes that attend on them,
Let them alone, let them talke a while.

Eli. Tell vs *Menippus*, *Druso*, and *Polydor*,
VVhy all our parentes gaue you three such charge,
To waite on vs and ouer see vs still,
VVhat do they feare, thinke you that we would do.

Memo. There feare is least you should accompanie,
Such as loue wanton talke, and dalliance,

Eli. VVhy what is wanton talke.

Memo. To tell you that were to offend our selues,
And those that haue forbidden you should heare it.

Sa. VVhy what is dalliance sayes my seruant then,

Drus. You must not know because you must not dally.

Sa. How say you by that, well do you keepe it from
vs, as much as you can, wee le desire it neuerlesse I can tell ye,

Mar. Lord what strait keepers of poore maides are you,
You are so chaste you are the worse gayne?

Eli. Pray you good seruantes will you do vs the seruice,
To leaue vs alone a while.

Memo. VVe are commaunded not to be from you,

The Blinde Begger

And therefore to leane you alone,
Were to wrong the trust your parentes put in vs.

Ma. I cry you mercy sir, yet do not stand all on the
Trust our parentes puts in you, but put vs in a litell to I

Sa. Trust vs good seruantes by our selues awhile. (pray.

Dru. Lets my masts and you say the woord,
Theyle but to *Irus* for to know their fortunes,
And hees a holy man all *Egypt* knowes.

Mem. Stay not to long, then mistris and content,

Eli. Thats my good seruant we will straight returne.

Pe. And you mistris.

Mar. And I trustie seruant.

Pe. Faith then Ile venter my charge among the rest. *Exeunt*

Mar. A mightie venture you shall be cronicled in *Abra-*
Catalog of cockscombes for your resolution. (*hans asses,*

Eli. Now the great foole take them all who could haue,
Pickt out three such liuelesse puppies,
Neuer to venter on their mistrisses. (*haue offices,*

Sa. One may see by them it is not meete choise men should

Mar. A prettie morrall work it in the samplar of your hart,

Eli. But are we by our selues.

Mar. I thinke so vnlesse you haue alone in your belly.

Eli. Not I God knowes I neuer camewhere they grew yet,
Since we are alone lets talke a little merrily, (*is*

Mee thinkes I long to know what wanton talke and dalliance

Sa. Ile lay my life tis that my mother vles when she and o-
Do beginne to talke and that she sayes to me mayde, (*there,*
Get ye hence fall to your needlet what a mayd and Idle.

Ma. A mayd and Idle why maydes must be Idle but not an
Sa. then do not name it for I feare tis naught. (*other thing,*
For yesterday I hard *Menippus* as he was talking, (*ber doore,*
VVith my mothers maide and I stoode harkning at the cham-
Sayde that, with that woord a mayd was got with childe.

Eli. How with the very woord.

Sa. I meane with that the woord seemes to expresse.

Mar. Nay if you be so fine you will not name it now.

VVe

Of Alexandria.

We are all alone, you are much too nice.

Eli. Why let her chuse, let vs two name it,

Mar. Do then *Elimine*.

Eli. Nay doe you *Martia*.

Mar. Why woman I dare.

Eli. Do then I warrant thee.

Mar. Ile warrant my selfe if I list, but come let it a'one,
Let vs to *Irus* for our fortunes.

Eli. God saue graue *Irus*.

Irus. Welcome beautilous Nymphes.

Sa. How know you *Irus* we are beautifull and cannot see.

Irus. *Homer* was blinde yet could he best discerne,

The shapes of euery thing and so may I,

Eli. Indeede wee heare your skill can beautifie,
Beautie it selfe, and teach dames how to decke,
Their heades and bodies fittest to their formes,
To their complexions and their countenances.

Ir. So can I beateuous Nymphes, and make all eyes,
Sparkle with loue fire from your excellence.

Eli. How thinke you we are tyred to tempte mens lookes,
Beeing thus Nymphlike is it not too strange,

Irus. It is the better so it doth become.
But that I may disclose to you your fortunes
Tell me first *Pego* their true faces formes.

Pe. Mary fir this that speakes to you has a face thinne like
vnto water grewell, but yet it would do your hart good if you

Irus. I know and see it better then thy selfe, (could see it
The blaze whereof doth turne me to a fyre.
Burning mine Intrailes with a strong desire.

Eli. Why turnst thou from vs *Irus* tell my fortune.

Irus. I wonder at the glorie it presentes,
To my soules health that sees vppon your heade,
A coronet, and at your gracious feete,
Nobles and princes in their highest state,
Which state shal crowne your fortune eare you die,
And eare the hart of Heauen, the glorious sunne,
Shall quench his rosiat fires within the west.

B.

You

The blinde Begger.

You shall a husband haue noble and rich.

Sa. Happie *Elimine*, oh that I myght too.

El. Thankes for this newes good *Irus* but disclose,
The meanes to this, if it be possible.

Irus. VVhen you come home ascend your Fathers tower
If you see a man come walking by,
And looking vp to you, descend,
And I shue, for you shall haue leaue,
And if he woe, you chuse him from the world,
Though he seeme humorous and want an eye,
VVearing a veluet patch vpon the same,
Chuse him your husband, and be blest in him,

Eli. He doe as thou aduiseest gentle *Irus*,
And prouing this Ile loue thee whulst I liue.

Sa. My fortune now sweete *Irus*.

Irus. VVhat face hath this Nimph *Pego*.

Pego. Mary sir a face made in forme like the ace of hartes.

Irus. And well compar'd for she commaundes all hartes,
Equall in beautie with that other Nimph,
And equally she burnes my hart with loue,

Sa. Say, say sweete *Irus* what my fortune is,
Thou turnst from me, as when thou didst admire,
The happie fortune of *Elimine*.

Irus. So might I well, admiring yours no lesse.
Then when the light cround monarch of the hea-
Shal quench his fire within the Oceans brest (uens
Rise you and to your fathers garden hie,
There in an arbour doe a banquet set,
And if there come a man that of him selfe,
Sits downe and bids you welcome to your feast,
Accept him for he is the richest man,
That *Alexandria* or *Egypt* hath,
And soone possessing him with all his wealth,
In little tyme you shall be rid of him,
Making your seconde choyse mongst mightie kinges.

Sa. Blest be thy lippes sweete *Irus*, and that light,
That guides thy bosome with such deepe fore sight,

Sleepe

Of Alexandria.

Sleepe shall not make a closet for these eyes,
All this succeeding night for halt to rise.

Ma. My fortune now sweete *Irus*, but I sayth,
I haue some wrong to be the last of all,
For I am olde as they, and big enough,
To beare as great a fortune as the best of them,

Irus. VVhat face hath this Nymph *Pego*.

Pego. Oh maister what face hath she not, if I should beg a
face I would haue her face.

Irus. But is it round, and hath it neare a blemmish,
A mouth to wide a looke too impudent.

Pego. Oh mayster tis without all these, and without al crie.

Irus. Round faces and thinne skinde are hapicest still.
And vnto you fayre Nymph.

Shall fortune be exceeding gracious too,
VVhen the next morning therefore you shal rise,
Put in your bosome rosemary time and rue.
And presently stand at your fathers doore,
He that shall come offering kindenesse there,
And craue for fauour those same holosome hearbes,
bestowe them on him, and if meeting him,
He keepe the nuptiall Rosemary and time,
And tread the bitter rue beneath his feete,
Chuse him your husband and be blest in him.

Ma. I wil sweete *Irus* nothing grieues me now,
But that *Elumine* this nyght shall haue,
Her happie husband, and I stay till morning.

Eli. Nought grieues me *Irus* but that we are maides.
Kept short of all thinges and haue nought to giue thee,
But take our loues and in the wished prooffe,
Of these high fortunes thou foretellest vs.
Nothing we haue shall bee to deare for thee.

Sa. we that are sisters *Irus* by our vow,
VVill be of one selfe blood and thankfull minde,
To adore so cleare a sight in one so blinde.

extant.

Irus. farewell most beautious Nymphes your loues to mee.
Shall more then gold or any treasure bee, (sport beginne,
Now to my wardroppe for my veluet gowne, now doth the
Come

The Blinde Begger

Come gird this pistole closely to my side,
By which I make men feare my humor still,
And haue slayne two or three as twere my
VVhen I haue done it most aduisedly mood
To rid them as they were my heauie foes,
Now am I knowne to be the mad braine Count,
VVhose humours twise, fiue summers I haue held,
And sayde at first I came from stately Rome,
Calling my selfe Count *Hermes* and assuming
The humour of a wild and franticke man,
Carelesse of what I say or what I doe,
And so such faultes as I of purpose doe,
Is buried in my humor and this gowne I weare,
In rayne or snowe or in the hottest sommer,
And neuer goe nor ride without a gowne,
which humor doth not fit my frencie wel,
But hides my persons forme from beeing knowne,
VVhen I *Cleantes* am to be discried,

Enter Pego like a Burgomaister.

Pego. How now maister brother.

Ir. Oh sir you are very well suted. Now M. Burgomaister.
I pray you remember to seaze on all *Alcantisthenes* his goods
His landes and cattels to my propper vse,
As I am *Leon* the rich vsurer.

The sunne is downe and all is forfeited.

Pego. It shalbe doone my noble Count.

Ir. And withal sir I pray you forget not your loue,
To morrow morning at her fathers doore.

Pego. Ah my good Count I cannot that forget,
For still to keepe my memorie in order,
As I am Burgomaister, so loue is my recorder.

Exeunt,

Enter Elimine above on the walles.

Now see a morning in an euening rise.
The morning of my loue and of my ioy,
I will not say of beautie, that were pride,
VVith in this tower I would I had a torch,
To light like hero my leander heatler,
VVho shall be my leander let me see,

Reherse

of Alexandria.

Reherse my fortune.

When you see one clad in a veluet gowne

And a blacke patch vpon his eye,

A patch, patch that I am, why that may be a patch of cloth,

Of Buckrome, or a fullian cloth, say with a veluet patch,

Vpon his eye & so my thoughts may patch vp loue the better

See where he comes, the *Count*, what girle a countesse,

Enter Count.

See, see, he lookes as *Irus* said he should go not away my loue,

He meete thee straight.

Count. Oh I thanke you I am much beholding to you,

I sawe her in the tower and now she is come downe,

Lucke to this patch and to this veluet gowne.

Enter Elimine and Braggadino A Spaniard following her.

Count. How now shall I be troubled with this rude spani-

Bra. One worde sweet nimph. (and now,

Count. How now sirra what are you,

Br. I am signior *Braggadino* the Martiall spaniardo the aide
of *Egypt* in her present wars, but lesu what art thou that hast
the guts of thy braines gript with such famine of knowledge
not to know me.

Count. How now sir He trie the prooffe of your guts with
my pistoll if you be so saucie sir.

Brag. Oh I know him well it is the rude *Count*, the vnciuill
Count, the vnstayed *Count*, the bloody *Count*, the *Count* of all
Countes, better I were to hazard the dissolution of my braue
soule agaynst an host of gigantes then with this loose *Count*, o-
therwile I could tickle the *Count*, I sayth my noble *Count*, I doe
descend to the crauing of pardon, loue blinded me I knewe
thee not.

Count. Oh sir you are but bonaventure not right spanish I
perceauce but doe you heare sir are you in loue.

Brag. Surely the sodayne glaunce of this lady Nymph hath
suppled my spanish disposition with loue that neuer before
drempt of a womans concautie.

Count. A womans concautie, blood whats that,

Brag. Her hollow disposicion which you see sweete nature

The blinde Begger.

will supplye or otherwise stop vp in her with solid or firme sayth.

Co. Giue me thy hand we ar louers both, shall we haue her

Bra. No good sweete *Count* pardon me. (both

Count VVhy then thus it shalbe weele strike vp a drumme, set vp a tent, call people together, put crownes a peece lets risse for her.

Brag. Nor that my honest *Count.*

Count. VVhy then thus it shalbe, weele wooe her both and him she likes best shall lead her home thorow streetes holding her by both her handes, with his face towards her, the other shall follow with his backe towards her biting of his thumbes, how sayest thou by this.

Brag. It is ridiculous, but I am pleas'd for vpon my life I do know this the shame wi'l light on the neck of the *Count.*

Count. VVell to it lets heare thee.

Brag. Sweete Nymph a spaniard is compard to the to the great elixar or golden medicine.

Count. VVhat dost thou come vpon her with medicines dost thou thinke she is sore.

Bra. Nay by thy sweete fauour do not interrupt mee.

Count. VVell sir goe forward.

Brag. I say a spaniard is like the Philosophers stone.

Count. And I say an other mans stone may bee as good as a Philosophers at all tymes.

Brag. By thy sweete fauour.

Count. VVell sir goe on.

Brag. Sweet nymph I loue few wordes you know my intenc my humor is in sophistical & plaine I am spaniard a borne, my byrth speakes for my nature, my nature for your grace, and should you see a whole Battaile ranged by my skil you would commit your whole selfe to my affection, and so sweet nymph I kisse your hand.

Co. To see a whole battaile ha ha ha what a iest is that, thou shalt se a whole battaile come forth presently of me sa sa sa.

Bra. Put vp thy pistol tis a most dangerous humor in thee.

Con. Oh is that all why see tis vp agayne, now thou shalt see

of Alexandria.

Ile come to her in thy humor, sweete lady I loue sweete wordes, but sweete deedes are the noble fowndes of a noble spaniard, noble by cuntrye, noble by valour, noble by byrth, my very foote is nobler then the head of another man, vpon my life I leue, and vpon my loue I liue, and so sweete Nymph I kisse your hand, why loe heere we are both, I am in this hand, and hee is in that handy dandy prickly prandy, which hand will you haue.

Eli. This hand my Lord if I may haue my choyce

Com. Come spaniard to your pennance bite your thumbes.

Brag. Oh base woman.

Co. Sblood no base woman but bite your thumbes quickly.

Brag. Honor commaundes I must do it.

Count. Come on sweete lady giue me your handes if you are mine, I am yours, if you take me now at the worst I am the more beholding to you, if I bee not good enough, Ile mend what would you more.

Eli. It is enough my Lord and I am youres.

Since I wel know my fortune is to haue you
Now must I leaue the pleasant maiden chase,
In hunting sauage beasts with *Isis* nymphes,
And take me to a life which I God knowes,
Do know no more then how to scale the heauens.

Count. VVell Ile teach you feare not you, what signior not

Bra. Pardon me sir, pardon me. (bite your thumbes,

Count. By Gods blood I will not pardon you therefore bite your thumbes.

Bra. By thy sweete let me speake one worde with thee, I do not like this humor in thee in pistoling men in this sort, it is a most dangerous and stigmaticall humor, for by thy fauour tis the most finest thing of the world for a man to haue a most gentlemanlike cariage of himselfe, for otherwise I doe hold thee for the most tall resolute and accomplisht gentleman on the face of the earth, harke yee weele meete at *Cortinas* and weele haue a pipe of Tobacco adew adew.

Co. Do you heare sir, put your thumbes in your mouth without any more adoe, by the heauens Ile shoote thee through the mouth.

The Blinde Begger

Bra. It is base and ridiculous.

Count. V Vell thou shalt not do it, lend me thy thumbes Ile

Brag. Pardon mee. (bite them for thee

Count. Swounes and you had I would haue made such a wo-
full parting betwixt your fingers and your thumbè that your
spanish fistes should neuer meete againe, in this world wil you

Bra. I will, I will presto and I wil follow thee. (doit sir.

Count. V Vhy so oh that we had a noyse of musitions to play
to this anticke as we goe, come on sweete lady giue me your
landes weele to Church and be married straight, beare with
my hast now, Ile be slow enough another tyme I warrant you,
come spaniola questo, questo, spaniola questo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aegiale, Herald, Euribates, Clearchus with a picture.

Agi. Aduance that picture on this fatall spring,
And Herald speake vttering the kinges edict.

He. *Ptolomie* the most sacred king of *Egypt* first of that
name, desiring peace and amitie with his neighbour princes
hath caused this picture of *Cleantes* to be set vp in all places,
proposing great rewardes to him that findes him, and threat-
ning death to him that sucours him.

Agi. V Which Gods forbid, and put it in his minde.
Not so to stomacke his vniust exile.

That he conuert the furie of his arme,
Agaynst forsaken *Egypt* taking part,
V Vith those foure neighbour kinges that threaten him,
And haue beseiged his most Imperiall towne.

Clearch. Now may it please your hignesse to leaue your dis-
contented passions, and take this mornings pride to hunt the

Ianthe. We haue attended on our grace thus farre, (Bore.
Out of the Cittie beeing glad to heare,
Your highnesse had abandoned discontent.
And now will bend your selfe to meriment,

Agi. So with I louely *Ianthe* come then.
Let vs goe call forth sacred *Isis* Nimphes,
To helpe vs keepe the game in cealesse vew,
That to the busie brightnesse of his eyes.
V Ve may so interuent his shiftes to scape.

That

Of Alexandria.

That giddie with his turning he may fall, ~~hee~~ ^{hee} ~~hee~~ ^{hee}
Slayne with our beauties more then swordes ~~on~~ ^{on} dartes.

Exit with a sound of Horns.

Enter Leon with his sworde.

Leon. Now am I *Leon* The rich vsurer and here according
To the kinges commaund and mine owne promise.
I haue brought my sward and fix it by the statue,
She set vp, by this am I knowne to be *Cleanthes*,
VVhole fodayne sight I now will take vpon mee,
And cause the nobles to pursue my shadowe,
As for my substance they shall neuer finde,
Till I my selfe, do bring my selfe to light.
Cleanthes, Cleanthes, stop Cleanthes, see Cleanthes,
Pursue Cleanthes, follow Cleanthes.

Enter three Lordes with swordes drawne.

1. Lo. where is *Cleanthes*, *Leon* sawest thou him.

Le. I why should I els haue thus cried out on him,
I saw him euen now heere did he fix his sworde
And not for dastard feare or cowardize,
For know all *Egypt* ringes of his renowne.
But fearing for his noble seruice done,
To be rewarded with ingratitude, he fled
From hence fearing to be pur sued,

2. Lord. Come on my Lordes then lets follow him
And pursue him to the death. *Exeunt.*

Leon. Oh do not hurt him gentle Citizens,
See how they flye from him whom they pursue.
I am *Cleanthes*, and whilest I am heere,
In vayne they follow for to finde him out,
But here comes my loue Bright *Psamathis*,
VVhom I loue Equally with sayre *Elimine*,
See here she comes as I apoynted her.

Enter Samathis and her maydes with a banquet.

Iaquine. But I sayth mistris is this for a woer.

Sa. Not for a woer onely my *Iaquine*,

C.

Bud

The blinde Begger.

But a quicke speeder girle for this is he,
That all my fortune runnes vpon I tell thee,

Ia. O daintie mistris send for some more banquet.

Sa. No my fine wench this and my selfe is well.

And let him not sit downe like the oxe and the asse,
But giue God thanks for we are worthie of it though we saite.

Ia. Mistris tis true.

And that he may be good,

I coniure him by these three things a crosse,

Now let him come he shalbe good I warrant ye,

Leon. Nay do not flye me gentle *Samathus*,

Sa. Pardon me sir for if I see a man,

I shall so blush still that I warrant you,

I could make white wine claret with my lookes,

Le. But do not blush and flie an old mans sight.

Sa. From whom if not from old men should I flie

Le. From young men rather that can swift pur-

And then it is some credit to our goe them, (sue,

Yet though my yeeres would haue me old I am not,

But haue the gentle Ierke of youth in mee,

As fresh as he that hath a maidens chinne.

Thus can I bend the stiffnes of my limbes,

Thus can I turne and leape and hoysse my gate,

Thus can I lift my loue as light as ayre,

Now say my *Samathus* am I old or young.

Sa. I would haue my loue neyther old nor young

But in the middle Iust betweene them both.

Le. Fit am I then for matchlesse *Samathus*.

And will be bould to sit. For batchlers

Must not be shamefast when they meet with maids,

Sweete loue now let me intreate you sit,

And welcome you to your owne banquet heere,

Sa. Euen thus did *Irus* say that he should say,

Then by your leaue sir I will sit with you,

Le. Welcome as gold into my treasure,

And now with I drinke vnto my loue,

With the same mind that drinking fast began to one another.

Sa. And

Of Alexandria.

Sa. And what was that I pray sir.

Le. Ile tell my loue the first kind cause of it.
And why tis vsd as kindnesse still amongst vs,
If it be vsd a right tis to this end,
VVhen I doe say I drinke this loue to you,
I meane I drinke this to your proper good,
As if I sayde what health this wine doth worke in mee,
Shalbe imploied for you at your commande & to your proper
And this was first thentent of drinking to you. (vse

Sa. Tis very prettie is it not *Iaquine.*

Iaquine. Oh excellent Mistris hees a daintie man.

Leon. Now to your vse sweete loue I drinke this wine,
And with a merrie hart that makes long life,
Ouer the cup Ile sing for my loues sake.

Song.
Health, fortune, mirth, and wine,
To thee my loue deuine.
I drinke to my doreling,
Giue mee thy hand sweeting.
Wish cuppe full euer plyed,
And hartes full neuer dryed.
Mine owne, mine owne dearest sweeting,
Oh oh myne owne dearest sweeting.

VVhat frolicke loue mirth makes the banquet sweete.

Sa. I loue it sir as well as you loue me.

Leon. That is as well as I do loue my selfe,
I will not Ioy my treasure but in thee,
And in thy looks Ile count it euery hower,
And thy white armes shalbe as bandes to me,
Wherein are mightie Lordshippes forfeited,
And all the dames of *Alexandria*,
For their attire shall take there light from thee,

Sa. VVel sir I drinke to you & pray you thinke
You are as welcome to me as this wine,

Le. Thankes gentle *Samarhis*, but delicious loue,
Hath beene the figge I eate before this wine,

The Blinde Begger

Which kills the taste of these delicious cates,
Will you bestowe that banquet loue on me,

Sa. Nay gentle *Leon* talke no more of loue
If you loue God or a good countenance,
For I shal quite be out of countenance then,

Le. Loue deckes the countenance, spiriteth
And tunes the soule in sweetest harmony, (the eye,
Loue then sweete *Sama* this.

Sama. VVhat shall I doe *Iaquine*.

Iaquine. Fayth Mistris take him.

Sa. Oh but he hath a great nose.

Ia. Tis no matter for his nose, for he is rich.

Sa. *Leon* I loue and since tis foorth farewell.

Le. Then triumph *Leon* richer in thy loue.
Then all the heapes of treasure I possesse,
Neuer was happie *Leon* rich before,
Nor euer was I couetous till now,
That I see gold so fined in thy haire.

Sa. Impart it to my Parentes gentle *Leon*,
And till we meete agayne at home farewell. *Exeunt.*

Le. Soone will I talke with them and follow thee,
So now is my desire accomplished.
Now was there euer man so fortunate,
To haue his loue so sorted to his wish,
The ioyes of many I in one enioy.
Now do I meane to wooe them troffely
The one as I am *Leon* the rich vsurer. (both,
The other as I am the mad brayne *Count*.
VVhich if it take effect, and rightly proue,
Twill be a sporte for any emperours loue. *Exit.*

Enter *Pro*lomie, *Aegiale*, *Doricles*, *Aspatis*, *Ianthe*,
Euphrasine, *Clearchus*, *Euribates*, with sound,

Pro. Prince of *Arcadia* louely *Doricles*,
Be not discouraged that my daughter heere,
Like a well fortified and lostie tower,
Is so repulsive and vnapt to yeelde,

The

of Alexandria.

The royall siege of your heroycke partes,
In her acheeuement will be more renound,
And with the greater merite is imployde.
The bewtious qucenemy wifeher mother here
VVas so well mand and yet had neuer man,
So mayne a rocke of chaff and cold daisdayne.

Aegi. My Lord what meane ye, go Aspasia,
Send for some Ladeis to goe play with you,
At chesse, at Billiardes, and at other game,
Ianthe attend her.

You take a course my Lord to make her coy,
To vrge so much the loue of *Daricles*,
And frame a vertue of her wanton hate,
VVe must perswade her that he loues her not,
But that his seruices and vowes of loue,
Are but the gentle compliments of court,
So would shee thinke that if she would haue loud,
Shee might haue wonne him.

And with that conceite of hardnesse to be wonne,
His merites grace will shine more clearely,
In her turning eyes,
Things hard to win with ease makes loue incited,
And fauours wonne with ease are hardly quited,
Then make as If you loud her not my Lord.

Do. Loue that hath built his temple on my browes
Out of his Battlementes into my hart,
And seeing me to burtle in my desire,
VVill be I hope appeased at the last.

Aegi. Be rul'd by me yet, and I warrant you,
She quickly shall beleue you loue her not,

Do. VVhat shall I doe Madam.

Aegi. Looke not on her so much.

Do. I cannot chuse my neck standes neuer right,
Till it be turnd asside and I behold her.

Aegi. Now trust me such a write neckt loue was neuer sene,
But come with me my Lord and Ile instruct you better

Pto. So madam I leaue you now from our loue sportes.

The blinde Begger.

To *Antisthenes* and his great sute with *Leon*,
Enter Antisthenes Leon and Burgomaister.

See the *Burgomaister Antisthenes* and *Leon*.
Comes together stay maister *Burgomaister*.
V What reason made you vse your office on the
Lord *Antisthenes* seazing on al his moueables,
And goodes at the sute of *Leon*.

Pe. I will tell your grace the reason of it or any
Thinge els for I know you are a wise prince,
And apt to learne.

Pto. I thanke you for yout good opinion sir,
But the reason of your office done vpon this noble man
And his landes.

Pe. The reason why I haue put in office or execution,
My authoritie vpon this nobleman consisteth,
in three principall poyntes or members,
V Which indeede are three goodly matters.

Pto. I pray you lets hear them.

Pe. The first is the credit of this honest man because he is

Pto. V Why is he honest because he is rich. (rich.

Pe. Oh I learne that in any case, the next is the forfeite of his
assurance and the last I will not trouble your grace with all.

An. But this it is whereof I most complaine vnto your grace,
That hauing occasion in your graces seruice,

To borrow mony of this *Leon* here,

For which I morgagd al my landes and goods.

He onely did agree that paying him foure

thousand pound at the day I should receiue

safely, in which now not onely falsly he denies. (my statute

But that he hath receiued one penny due,

V Which this my friend can witnes I repayde,

Vpon the stone of *Irus* the blindeman,

Foure thousand pound in Jewels and in golde,

And therefore craue I iustice in this case,

L. Vouchsafe dread foueraigne an vpartiall

To that I haue to say for my topleys. (care.

He pleades the payment of foure thousand pounds.

Vpon

of Alexandria.

Vpon the stone before blinde *Irus* caue,
To which I answere and do sweare by heauen,
He spake with me at the foresayde place,
And promist payment of foure thousand pound,
If I would let him haue his statuas in;
And take other assurance for another thousand,
Some three monthes to come or thereaboutes.
VVhich I refusing he repayde me none,
But parted in a rage and card not for me.

Gen. Oh monstrous who euer hard the like,
My Lord I will besworne he payde him,
On poore *Irus* stone foure thousand pound,
VVhich I did helpe to tender and hast thou
A hellish conscience and such a brazen forehead,
To denye it agaynst my wittnesse,
And his noble woorde.

Le. Sir agaynst your wittnesse and his noble woorde,
I plead myne owne and one as good as his,
That then was present at our whole conference.

An. My Lord there was not any but our selues,
But who was it that thou affirmst was there.

Le. Count *Hermes* good my Lord a man
VVell knowne though he be humorous to be honorable,

Pto. And will he saie it.

Le. He will my gracious Lord I am well assur'd,
And him will I send hether presently,
Intreating your gracious fauour if the impediment,
Of a late sicknesse cause me not returne,
For I am passing ill.

Pto. Well send him hether and it shall suffice.

Le. I will my gracious Lord and stand
To any censure passing willingly,
Your highnesse shall set downe or commaund,
VVorshipfull maister *Burgomaister* your officer,
To see performd betwixt vs. *Exit.*

Pe. VVe Thank you hartely, alas poore soule,
How sicke he is.

The Blinde Begger

Truly I cannot chuse but pittie him,
In that he loues your gracious officers,
Enter Coont.

Pto. Oh I thank you sir.

Coont. King by your leaue, and yet I neede not aske leaue,
Because I am sent for if not Ile begone agayne.
without leaue, say am I sent for yea or no,

Pto. You are to witnesse twixt *Antisthenes* and welthy *Leon*.

Coont. I know the matter and I come from that old miser
Leon, who is sodainly fallen sicke of a knaues euill,
Which of you are troubled with that diseale maisters.

Pto. Wel say what you know of the matter, betwixt them.

Coont. Then thus I say my Lord, *Antisthenes* came,
To the stone of the blinde foole *Irus*,
That day when foure thousand pounds were to be payde,
Where he made proffer of so much mony if *Leon* would re-
turne the morgage of his lands, and take assurance for another
thousand to be paide I trow some three monthes to come or
there about. which *Leon* like an olde churle as hee was most
vncourteously refused: my Lord *Antisthenes* as he might very
well departed in a rage but if it had beene to me I would haue
pistoled him I sayth.

An. But you are wonderously deceiued my Lord.
And was not by when he and we did talke.

Coont. Swounes then I say you are deceiued my Lord,
For I was by now by my honor and by all the gods.

Eu. Then you stood close my Lord vnscene to any,

Coont. Why I stood close to you and scene of all, and if
You thinke I am too mad a fellow to witnes such a waightie
peece of worke the holy begger shall performe as much,
For he was by at our whole conference.

Pto. But say *Coont* *Hermes* was the begger by.

Coont. I say he was and he shall say he was.

Eurs. But he is now they say lockt in his cage,
Fasting and praying talking with the Gods,
And hath an Iron doore twixt him and you,
How will you then come at him,

Coont

Of Alexandria.

Count. He fetch him from his caue in spight of all his Gods
and Iron doies, or beate him blinde when as I doe catch him
next, farwell my Lordes you haue done with mee, He send the
begger presently for I am now ryding to *CORINCHUS.* *Exit.*

Pto. I know not what to thinke in these affaires
I cannot well condemne you my Lord,
And your sufficient witnesse beeing a gentleman,
Nor yet the other two, both men of credit,
Though in his kinde this *Count* be humorous,
But stay we shall here straight what *Irus* wil depose,

Enter Irus.

Irus Oh who disturbes me in my holy prayers,
Oh that the king were by that he might heere,
V What thundring there is at my farther doore,
Oh how the good of *Egipt* is disturbd in my deuotion.

Pto. I am here *Irus* and it was *Count Hermes*,
That was so rude to Interrupt thy prayers,
But I suppose the end of thy repayre,
Beeing so waightie could not haue displeasd,
For on thy witnesse doth depend the liuing
Of Lord *Antistenes*, who doth affirme,
That three dayes past he rendered at thy stone,
Foure thousand poundes to *Leon*, and desired
His morgage quited which he promising
On such assurance, more as he proposed,
Receiued at that tyme his foure thousand poundes.

Irus. I then was in the hearing of them both,
Bnt hard noe penny tendred, onely proposed
By Lord *Antistenes*, if he would bring him in,
His morgage and take assurance for another thousand
Some three monthes to come or there aboutes,
V Which *Leon* most vncourteously refused,
My Lord was angrie and I hard no more,
And thus must I craue pardon of your grace. *Exit*

Pto. Farewell graue *Irus*.

An. Gods are become oppressors of the right.

Enge. Neuer had right so violent a wrong.

D.

For

The blinde Begger.

For let the thunder strike me into hell.

If what I haue reported be not true,

Pto. This holy man no doubt speakes what he
And I am sory for *Antisthenes*. (hard

But Ile relecue your lowe estate my Lord,

And for your seruice done me gwerdon you,

Maister *Burgomaster* let the Lord haue libertie,

And I will answere *Leon* what is due. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elinime, Martia, Samathis.

Eli. Soft *Mistris Burgomaster*, pray you stay, your hart is
greater then your parson farre or your state eyther, doe we not
know ye trow, what woman you are but a *Burgomasters* wife,
And he no wiser then his neighbours neyther,
Giue me the place according to my calling.

Mar. VVhat skill for places, do we not all call sisters,

Eli. Noe by my fayth I am a countesse now,
I should haue one to goe before me bare,
And say stand by there to the best of them,
And one to come behinde and beare my trayne,
Because my handes must not be put vnto it.
My husband is a Lord and past a Lord,

Sa. And past a Lord what is that past I pray,

Eli. VVhy hees a what you calt.

Mar. A what you call it can you not name it.

Eli. I thinke I must not name it.

Sa. And why so I pray.

Eli. because it comes so neare a thing that I knowe,

Mar. Oh he is a Count that is an Earle.

Sa. And yet he is not knowne to haue much land.

Eli. VVhy therefore he is an vnknowne man.

Mar. I but my husband is the kings officer.

Sa. I but my husband is able to buy both yours,

Eli. You say husband, I may saie n y Lord.

Mar. And me thinkes husband is worth ten of Lord.

Eli. Indeepe I loue my Lord to call mee wife,
Better then Maddam yet doe I not meane,
To lose my Ladies, titles at your handes,

Of Alexandria.

I may for courtesie and to be termed,
A gentle Ladie call you sisters still,
But you must say and please your Ladishippe,
Tis thus and so, and as your honor please,
Yet shall my husband call me wife like yours,
For why made god the husband and the wife,
But that those tearmes should please vs more then others
New fashion tearmes I like not for a man,
To call his wife cony, forsooth, and Lambe,
And Porke, and Mutton, he as well may say,

Mar. V Vell Madam then and please your Ladishippe,
V Vhat gownes and head tyres will your honor weare.

Eli. Twentie are making for me head tyres and gownes,
Head tyres enchaft in order like the starres,
V Which perfit great and fine cut pretious stones,
One hath bright *Ariadnes* Crowne in it,
Euen in the figure it presentes in heauen,
Another hath the fingers of *Diana*,
And *Berenices* euer burning haire,
An other hath the bright *Andromica*,
V Vith both her siluer writtes bound to a rocke,
And *Persesus* that did lose her and saue her life,
All set in number and in perfect forme,
Euen like the *Asterismes* fixt in heauen,
And euen as you may see in Moone shine nightes,
The Moone and Starres reflecting on their streames
So from my head shall you see starres take beames,

Mar. Oh braue God willing I will haue the like.

Sa. And so will I by Gods grace if I liue. (full well

Eli. Come vp to supper it will become the house wonder.

Mar. Well if my husband will not, let him not loke for one

Sa. Nor mine I sweare. (good looke of me.

Mar. Ile aske my husband when I am with child,
And then I know I shall be sped I fayth.

Eli. But euery pleasure hath a payne they say
My husband lies each other nyght abroad,

Sa. and so doth mine which I like but little,

The Blinde Begger

Mar. VVell time I hope and change of companie,
VVill teach vs somewhat to beare out the absence, *Exit.*

Eli. I know not what to say,
My husband makes as if each other nyght he had occasion,
To ride from home at home serues not his turne,
To my good turne it, cupid I beseech you,

Enter Leon and Druso following him.

Le. Now will I trie to make my selfe the *Count.*
An arrant Cuckold and a wittoll too.

Dru. Now may I chance to proue a cunning man,
And tell my mistris where my maister hauntes,

Le. Bright Nimph I come in name of all the worlde,
That now sustaines dead winter in the spring,
To haue a graces from thy summer darterd,
Thy loue sweetefoule is all that I desire,
To make a generall sommer in this hart,
Where winters duple wrath hath tirrannisde.

Eli. How dare you Leon thus solicit mee,
Where if the *Count* my husband should come now,
And see you courting you were sure to die.

Le. Oh but he is safe, for at my house,
Booted and spurd, and in his veluet gowne,
He tooke his horse and rode vnto *Corymbus*,
And therefore beautilous Ladie make not strange,
To take a freind and adde vnto thy Ioyes,
Of happie wedlocke: the end of euey acte,
Is to increase contentment and renowne,
Both which my loue: shall amplye ioy in you,

Eli. How can renowne ensue an act of shame,

Le. No acte hath any shame within it selfe,
But in the knowledge and ascription.
Of the base world from whom shall this be kept,
As in a laborinth or a brasen tower.

El. But vertues sole regard must hold me backe,

Le. The vertue of each thing is in the prayse,
And I will reare thy prayses to the skyes,

Out

of Alexandria.

Out of my trefurie chuse the choyse of gold,
Till thou finde some matching thy hayre in brightnesse,
But that will neuer, be so chuse thou euer.

Out of my Iewe'rye chuse thy choyse of Diamondes,
Till thou finde some as bright some as thyne eyes,
But that will neuer be, so chuse thou euer,

Chuse Rubies out vntill thou match thy lippes,
Pearle till thy teeth, and Iuorie till thy skinne,
Be matcht in whitnesse but that wil neuer bee.

Nor neuer shall my trefurie haue end,
Till on there beauties Ladies loth to spend,
But that will neuer be so chuse thou euer.

Eli. Now what a gods name would this vayne man haue,
Do you not shame to tempt a woman thus,
I know not what to saye nor what to doe,
He would haue me doe that I feare I should not,
Some thing it is he seekes that he thinkes good,
And me thinkes he should be more wise then I,
I am a foolish girle though I be married
And know not what to doe, the Gods doe know.

Leon. Are you content sweete loue to graunt me loue,

Eli. and what then sir.

Le. To grant me lodging in your house this night,

Eli. I thinke the man be wearie of his life,

Know you the Count my husband.

Le. Marueilous well and am-assurd of him,

Eli. Faith that you are as sure as I my selfe,

So you did talke of gold and Diamondes,

Leon. I and gold and Diamondes shal my sweet loue haue,

Eli. VVell Ile not bid you sir but if you come,

At your owne perill for Ile wash my handes. *Offer to goe on.*

Leon. A plague of all sanguine simpliciti (ted you.

Eli. But do you heare sir pray you do not thinke that I gran-

Le. No I warrant you, Ile haue no such thought. (in any case

Oh this is olde excellent.

Now who can desire better sporte.

This nyght my other wife must lie alone,

The blinde Begger.

And next night this wife must doe the like.
Now will I woe the other as the Count,
VVhich if she graunt and they do breake their troth,
Ile make my selfe a cuckolde twixt them both. *Exit.*

Drufo. Ile follow him vntill he take the earth, and then ile
leauē him. *Exit.*

Enter Samathis alone.

Sa. Now if my husband be not all alone,
He is from home and hath left me alone,
So I must learne to lie, as children goe,
All alone, all alone, which lesson now. (child
I am able to beare a childe is worlde to me then when I was a
The morall this strength without a health a disadvantage is.

Enter Drufo.

Mistress what will you say if I can tel you where my maister is,

Sa. VVhere *Drufo* I pray thee.

Dru. Euen close with the young countesse I sayth.

Sa. Out on her strumpet doth she bragge so much,
Of her great Count, and glad to take my husband
Hence comes her head tyres and her fayre gownes,
Her trayne borne vp and a man bare before her,
VVas this my fortune that should be so good,
I sayth you begger you, you old false knaue,
You holy villaine you propheticke asse,
Know you noe better what shall come to passe,
Ile be reuenged I sayth, I sayth Ile be reuenged. *Exit.*

Enter Aegiale with the garde

Aegi. Oh *Irus* shall thy long approued skill,
Fayle in my fortunes onely, when shall I meete,
VVith my *Cleanthes* what a worlde of tyme,
Is it for me to lie as in a sounde,
VVithout my life *Cleanthes*, can it be,
That I shall euer entertayne agayne,
Hauing the habit of colde death in me,
My life *Cleanthes*.

Count

of Alexandria.

Count knocke within

Let me come in you knaues, I say let me come in,

1. Gard. Sir, we are set to gard this place as our liues and None without a warrant from the King or the Queene must enter heere. (in I say,

Con. Swoundes tell not me of your warrantes, let me come

1. Ga. My Lord we are commaunded to keepe out all comers, because of the branch wherein the kings life remaynes,

Co. Let me come in you knaues, how dare you keepe me out, twas my gowne to a mantle of rugge, I had not put you all to the pistoll.

Aegi. Shall we be troubled now with this rude *Count*

Con. How now *Queene* what art thou doing, passioning ouer the picture of *Cleantes* I am sure for I know thou louest

Aegi. VVhats that you traytor. (him,

Count. No traytor neyther bnt a true freind to you, for had I bene otherwise I should haue diselosd the secret talke thou hadst with *Cleantes* in the arbour, the night before he was banished, whilest I stooode close and hard all.

As. The man is mad chaines and a whippe for him.

Con. Be patient my wench and Ile tell thee the very words, oh my *Cleantes*, loue me, pittie me, hate me not for loue, and it is not lust hath made me thus importunate, for then there are men enough besides *Cleantes*, go to tel me were not these your woords, & I like no traytor to you but a trultie freend now by this pistoll which is Gods angell I neuer vttered them till now

Aegi. I spake them not but had you beene so bad,
As some men are you might haue saide as much,
By fictious onely therefore I must needes,
Thinke much the better of you to conceale it,

Count. Oh your a cunning wench and am not I a mad slaue to haue such vertue as secrecie in me and none neuer lookt for any such thing at my handes, and heres a brangh forsooth of your little sonne turnd to a Mandracke tree, by Hella the sorceresse.

Aegiale. Tis true and kils me to remember it.

The Blinde Begger

Con. Tut tut remember it and be wise thou wouldst haue
Cleantes, come agayne wouldst thou not,

Ac. The king is so aduisd to giue him death.

Count. The King, come come tis you rule the King now
would any wise woman in the worlde be so hungerstarued for
a man and not vse the meanes to haue him, thinkit thou *Clean-*
thes will come agayne to haue his head chopt of so soone as he
comes, but had you pluckt vp this branch wherein the King
thy husbantes life consistes and burnt it in the fyre, his olde
beard would haue stunckefort in the graue ere this, and then
thou shouldst haue scene whether *Cleantes* would haue come
vnto thee or nos.

Argi. Oh excreable counsaile.

Count. Go to tis good counsaile, take the grace of God be-
fore your eyes, and follow it to it wench corragio, I know I
haue gotten thee with childe of a desire, and thou longst but
for a knife to let it out, hold there tis serue God and be thank-
full, now you knaues will you let mee come out trow.

1. Gard. Please your Lordshippe to bestow something on
vs for we are poore knaues.

Count. Harke you be euen knaues still, and if you be poore
long your foolish knaues, and so Ile leaue you.

2. Gard. Nay swounes my Lord no knaues neyther.

Con. Then he was a knane that told me so, what doost thou
tell mee that.

Exit.

Ac. This serpentes counsell stinges mee to the hart.
Mountes to my braine and bindes my prince of sence.

My voluntarie motion and my life,

Sitting it selfe triumphing in there thrones,

And that doth force my hand to take this knife,

That bowes my knees and sets me by thy branch,

Oh my diones oh my onely sonne,

Canst thou now feele the rigour of a knife,

Noe thou art senslesse and Ile cut thee vp,

Ile shroude thee in my bosome safe from stormes,

And trust no more my trustlesse gard with thee,

Come then returne vnto thy mothers armes, and when I
pull

Of Alexandria.

pull thee forth to serue the fire, turne thy selfe wholly into
a burning tounge, in voking furies and infernall death, to
coole thy tormentes with thy fathers breth.

Enter Elimine and Samathis.

Sa. Now madam countesse do you make account.
To take vp husbandes by your countshippe.
Haue you the broade seale for it, are you so hie, and stoope,
To one so lowe as is my husband,
Hence come your headtyres and your costly gownes,
Your trayne borne vp and a man bare before you,
Now sye on pride when woman goe thous naked.
I euer thought that pride would haue a fall
But little thought it would haue such a fall.

Eli. VVhat fall I pray you.

Sa. There you lay last, forsooth there you lay last.

Eli. Be not so angry woman you are deceiued

Sa. I know I am deceiued for thou deceiuedst me,
Thou mightest aswell haue piect my purse I tell thee,
Oh would my mother say, when you haue a husband,
Keepe to him onely but now one may see,
How horrible a thing it is to change,
Because it angers one so horribly,

You must haue Vshers to make way before you,

Eli. The dame is madde, Ile stay no longer with her.

Exit Elimine.

Sa. VVell madam shorte heeles Ile be euen with you,
See where the mad brayne Count her husband comes.

Enter Count.

Sama. I will begone.

Count. Heare you Vfurers wife stay, a plague on you stay,
whither go you so fast, why did I euer hurt any of your sex yet.

Sa. VVhy no my Lord.

Count. VVhy no my Lorde, why the deuill do you turne
taylor when you should not, when you should you will not be
halfe so hastie, a man must loue you, woe you, spend vpon you
and the deuill of one of you is worthy to kisse the hemme of

E.

my

The blinde Begger.

my riding gowne heere.

Sa. Is this your riding gowne my Lord.

Count. Tis no matter what it is, talke not to me, what the deuill did I meane to call thee backe agayne,

Sa. VVhy, my Lord I meane not to trouble you,

Count. Goe to stay I say, tis agaynst my will that I vse you so kindly I can tell you.

Sa. Why you may chuse my Lord.

Count. I but I cannot chuse, there you lie now, tis loue forsooth that Intailes me to you, for if it had not beene for loue, I had not beene heere now, for the Gods do know I hold thee dearer then the Poungranet of mine eye, and thats better by three pence then the aple of mine eye.

Sa. My Lord I am sory for your heavinesse.

Count. Nay tis no matter I am not the first asse that hath borne Cupides tresurie.

Sa. My Lord tis enough to make an asse wise to beare treasure.

Count. VVhy then be you that wise asse, and beare me for I haue some treasure about me will you loue me.

Sa. Loue you my Lord it is strange you wil aske it.

Count. I am not the first hath desired you,

Sa. Nor you shall not be the last I will refuse.

Count. Nor are you the fayrest I haue seene,

Sa. Nor the foulest you haue loud.

Count. Nor the fittest to be beloued.

Sa. Nor the vnfittest to hate.

Count. Doe and you dare but sirra and thou wilt not loue, I pray thee be proud

Sa. VVhy so my Lord.

Count. Because I would haue thee fall, for pride must haue a

Sa. Do you delight in my fall so much. (fall.

Count. As much as in mine owne ryding I sayth, but do not you thinke it strange that I doe loue you, for before I did loue you, Cupid pinckt me a spanish lether Ierkin with shooting at me, and made it so full of holes that I was fayne to leaue it of, and this losse haue I had for your sake.

Of Alexandria.

Sa. My Lord Ile bestowe an old lerkin on you,

Count. Nay that shall not serue your turne, for I haue had a greater losse then that, I lost my left eye for your sake.

Sa. I do not thinke so.

Count. I but Ile tell you how as I was hunting in the parke, I saw Cupid shooting a cockhye into your face, and gazing after his arrow it fell into mine eye.

Sa. A prettie fiction.

Count. I but I finde this no fiction, and you shall make me amends with loue or by this patch of mine eye, and the patch thou wotest where I will sweare to all the Cittie I haue layne with thee.

Sa. I hope your Lordshippe will not doe me that wrong.

Count. Then do you me right and let me lie with you, I haue made the bottle nosd knaue your husband so drunke that he is not able to stand goe get you home Ile follow you.

Sa. VVhy my Lord what will you do there.

Count. Goe to make no more questions but say I shall bee welcome or by mine honor Ile doe as I say, otherwise be as secret as death.

Sa. Twentie to one he will, well my Lord if you come you come.

Count. Oh I thanke you hartely, oh excellent or neuer trust mee.

Enter Menippus and Elimine.

Me. Madam your honor is come somewhat to soone.

El. VVhy to *Menippus*.

Me. Had you stayed neuer so little longer you should haue met my Lord comming out of *Lems* house and out of

El. How out of his moucables. (his moucables,

Me. Euen in playne troth, I see him woe her, winne her, and went in with her.

El. Now of mine honor I will be reuenged fetch me the Burgomaister *Menippus* Ile haue them both whipt about the

Me. Nay madam you must not dishonor him so, (towne.

El. VVhat shall mine honor doe then.

The Blinde Begger

Me. Do but tongue whip him madam and care not,
And so I leaue him to the mercie of your tongue,

Eli. My tongue shall haue hell and no mercie in it

Enter the Count.

Excellent musicke excellent musicke.

El. And the Deuill take the Instrument,

Count. VVhat art thou so nye.

Eli. I and it were a good deede to be a little nier too, you make a *Count* alle of me indeede, as if I were too little for you, but bignesse is my fault vnlesse I were a little better vsd at your handes.

Con. VVhy thou wilt be to perfit if I should vse thee much for vse makes perfitnesse.

Eli. I but I cannot be too perfit and therefore Ile spoyle her perfections that helpes to spoyle mine I warrant her.

Con. VVhy may not I lie with her aswell as thou layest with her husband.

Eli. I defie you and all the world that can say blacke is mine eye.

Count. I thinke so indeede, for thine eye is gray, but thou didst lye with him by that same token he gaue thee a carknet, and thou toldst me that thy mother sent it thee, thou didst promise to banquet him when I was next abroad, thou didst say he could not be so old as he made himselfe to be, thou didst say twas pittie of his nose, for he would haue bene a fine man els, and that God did well to make him a rich man, for a was a good man too, and these tokens I thinke are sufficient, for these a told me with his owne mouth.

Eli. He lyed like an old knaue as he was and that he shall knowe the next time these lippes open in fayth, oh wicked periurd man would a disclose my secretes I fayth what woman would trust any man a liue with her honestie. *Exit.*

Count. Ha ha ha, I haue sent her in a pelting chafe,
But Ile follow her and make her madde with anger.

Enter

of Alexandria.

Enter Porus *king of Aethiopia, Refus king of Arabia, Bion king of Phasiaca, Bebrinius king of Bebritia, with soldiers and drumme and ensigne.*

Porus. Thus haue we trode the sandy vales of *Egypt*,
Adioyning to the plaines of *Alexandria*,
VWhere proud king *Ptolemy* keepe his residence,
Securely trusting to his prophesies,
VWhich hath foretold him many yeares agoe,
That if the young *Archadian Doricles*,
Should linke in marriage with his louely daughter.
He then should conquere all our bordering landes,
And make vs subiect to his tirrannie.

Rhe. Trusting to his fond fantasticke dreames,
He hath exild the warlicke Duke *Cleantes*.
VWhose name was terror to our valiant troopes.

Bion. *Cleantes* exild giues vs easy way,
To our attemptes where had he stayed,
And beene afreind to him, yet should he not
Escape subiection.

Re. VVe will deuide his kingdome twixt vs foure,
And reauue from him his foure cheife ornamentes,
And for to greeue his aged mind the more,
He shall be kept in lasting seruitude.
So to fulfill what fates to him assignde,

Pe. Come let vs march and braue him at the walles,
If *Porus* lue to weild his martiall sworde,
His Catty walles shall not preserue him safe,
But he shall dye by *Porus* and his freindes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doricles and Aspasia.

Do. Sweet madam grant me once a chearful looke
To glad my dying hart with sorow kild,
Your father hath relignd his free consent.
You bound by dutie to obey his will,

As. Nay rather let him haile me to my death
Then gaynst my will constrain me match my selfe.

The blinde Begger.

Enter Count.

Count Dye thou vile wretch and line *Aspatia*,
Euen now I hard thy father *Ptolemy*
VVith wordes that still do tingle in mine eares,
Pronounce him heyre to *Alexandria*,
Tis time for me to stirre when such young boyes,
Shal haue their weake neckes ouer poisd with crownes
VVhich must become resolu'd champions,
That for a crownes exchange will sel their soules, *He kills him.*

Aspa. Wicked *Count Hermes* for this monstrous deede,
Egypt will hate thee and thou sure must dye,
Then hye thee to the hils beyond the *Alpes*,
Flye tovnknowne and vnfrequented climes,
Some desert place that neuer sawe the sunne,
For if the king or any of his friendes,
Shall finde *Count Hermes* thou art surely dead.

Count. Ile flye no more then doth a setled rocke,
No more then mountaines or the steadfast powles,
But come sweete loue if thou wilt come with me,
We two will liue amongst the shadowy groues,
And we will sit like shepherdes on a hill,
And with our heavenly voyces tice the trees,
To eccho sweetely to our coelestiall tunes,
Els will I angle in the running brookes,
Seasoning our toyles with kisses on the bankes,
Sometime Ile diue into the murmerring springes,
And fetch thee stones to hang about thy necke,
VVhich by thy splendor will be turnd to pearle,
Say fayre *Aspasia* wilt thou walke with me.

As. No bloody *Count* but I will cleare my selfe,
And tell thy murders to the amased court. *(girl)*

Count. Nay if thou wilt not chuse you peeuish
Thou canst not say but thou wert offered fayre,
But here must end *Count Hermes* strange disguise,
My veluet gowne my pistoll and this patch,
No more must hide me in the countes attire,

Now

of Alexandria.

Now will I turne my gowne to Vsurers Cotes,
And thus appeare vnto the worlde no more,
farewell *Aspasia*. Exit Count.

As. Goe wretched villayne hide thy hated head;
VVhere neuer heauens light may shine on thee,
VVhose there, Come forth for here is murder done,
Murder, Murder of good prince *Doricles*.

Enter Euribates.

VWho cals out murther Lady was it you.

Al. As I was walking in the pleasant weedes,
VVith *Doricles* the young *Archadian* prince,
rusht in Count *Hermes* and in desperate wordes,
Hath slayne this prince.

Eu. A balefull deede pursue the murderer,
And tell the King of this foule accident

Enter Ptolomy.

Pto. Oh tell no more in stead of teares,
My beating hart dissolues in droppes of blood,
And from mine eyes that stares vpon this corse.
Leapes out my soule and on it I will die,
Oh *Doricles* oh deare *Arcadian* prince,
The bulwarke and supporter of my life,
That by decree of fates was promised,
To adde foure neighbour kingdomes to my crowne,
And shield me from a most abhorred death,
Now shall my kingdome leaue me with my life,
And sodainly looke for some monstherous fate,
Shall fall like thunder on my wretched state.

Enter a messenger.

Arme arme my Lord, my Lords to instant armes,
Foure mightie kinges are landed in thy coast,
And threaten death and ruine to thy land,
Blacke *Porus* the *Aethiopian* king,
Comes marching first with twentie thousand men,
Next *Rhesus* king of sweete *Arabia*,

The Blinde Begger

In warlike manner marcheth after him,
In equall number and in battaile ray.
Next *Bien* king of rich *Phasiaca*,
And *Iterne Bebritius* of *Bebritia*,
With each of them full twentie thousand strong
All which hath vowd the death, of *Ptolemy*, and thus they he-
ther bend their speedie feete.

Pto. How sodaynely is weather ouer cast,
How is the face of peacefull *Egypt* changd,
Like as the smiling flowers aboue the ground,
By keenest edge of *Euras* breath is cut.

Cl. To armes my Lord and gather vp your strength,
Your bandes in *Memphis* and in *Caspia*,
Ioynd with your power of *Alexandria*,
V Vill double all the forces of these kinges,

Pto. All shalbe done we may meane while,
Bury the body of this slaughtered prince,
Least with the vew my senses follow his,
Curst be his hand that wrought the damned deede,
Cold and vncovered may his body lye,
Let stormie hayle and thunder beate on him
And euery bird and beast runne ouer him,
That robd vore *Ptolemy* of such a hope,
Pursue the desperate *Court* that murdered him,
A thousand kingdomes shall not saue his life

Enter Leon.

A miracle a miracle, a dreadfull miracle.

Pto. What miracle, oh what will heuens do more,
To punish *Egypt* and her haplesse king,

Leon. As I was walking through the *Serian* groues
I sawe the desperate *Court* the murderer,
Of good prince *Doricles* as I heare say,
Fly through the desarts to the mimphick shades
Where hell to interrupt his passage thether,
Rauing beneath the ground worke of the earth
As if ten thousand vapours burst in her,
Seuered her wombe and swallowed quicke,

The

Of Alexandria.

The miserable Count.

Pro. Iust are the heavens in his most dreadfull end,
But come my Lords let vs to instant armes,
To driue away more mischeiefes from our land. *Exeunt.*

Leon. So get you gone and perish all with him,
Now shall you know what want you haue of mee,
Now will I gather vp my sommes of money,
And of my creditors borrow what I can,
Because as *Leon* Ile be seene no more,
This day they promis'd for to meete me heere,
And here comes some of them.

Enter first Messenger.

My mayster sir your friend *Calpurnius*,
Hath sent you sir your fise hundreth crownes for the rich
Iewell that he bought of you.
I thanke him hartely, this Iewell of so many thousand crownes
The *Queene of Egypt* did bestowe on mee, when that I told
her in poore *Irus* shape where her *Cleantes* was, but soft who
haue we here.

Enter second Messenger.

Druso the *Italian* Marchant here by mee,
Hath sent you sir in Diamonds and in Pearles,
So much as mounteth to fise thousand crownes,
And craues no more assurance but your woord.

Leon. Theres my bill and thanke thy maister he shall haue
more then woord. *Exeunt. Maister Leon.*

Neuer shall he nor they see this agayne,
Nor me neyther as I am this present man,
This with the rest I haue wil make a prettie somme
VVith this will I imploye me in these warres,
Now will I take on me the forme and shape,
Of Duke *Cleantes*, but what intendes this alarum.

Alarum.

Enter Clearchus.

VVhere may I seeke to finde *Cleantes* out,
That martiall prince whom *Ptolomy* vnkinde,
Hath banished from out the *Egyptian* Land,
Our warlike troopes are scatered and ouer throne,

F.

And

The blinde Begger.

And his deare freindes *Acatas* and *Acanthes*,
Lie in the field besmired in their bloodes,
He run through al these groues to find him out. *Exit*

Le. My sweete *Acatas* and *Acanthes* slayne,
Greife to my hart and sorrow to my soule,
Then rouse thy selfe *Cleantes* and reuenge,
Their guiltlesse blood on these base miscreantes
Oh let the cankred trumpet of the deepe,
Be rattled out and ring into their eares,
The dire reuenge *Cleantes* will inflict,
One these foure Kings and all there complices,
Alarm Excursions,

Enter *Cleantes* leading *Porus*, *Rhesus*, *Bion*, *Bebritius*,
Pego, *Clearchus* *Euribatus*.

Clean. Thus haue you stroue in vayne agaynst those Gods,
That rescues *Egypt* in *Cleantes* armes,
Come yeeld your crownes and homages to mee,
Though *Ptolomie* is dead yet I suruiue,
Elect and chosen by the peares to scourge,
The vile presumption of your hated liues,
Then yeeld as vanquilt vnto *Egypt*s king.

Po. First by thy valoure and the strength of armes,
Porus the welchie *Aethiopian* king,
Doth yeeld his crowne and homage vnto thee,
Swearing by all my Gods whom I adore,
To honor Duke *Cleantes* whilst he liue,
And in his ayde with twentie thousand men,
VVill alwayes march gaynst whom thou meanst to fyght.

Bi. *Bion* whose necke was neuer forct to bow
Doth yeeld him captiue to thy warlike sworde,
Command what so thou list, we will performe,
And all my power shall march at thy commaund.

Rhe. *Rhesus* doth yeeld his crowne and dignitie,
To great *Cleantes* *Egyptes* onely strength,
For if *Cleantes* liues, who euer liued,
More likelier to be monarks of the world,

Then

Of Alexandria.

Then here accept my vowd allegiance,
VVhich as the rest I render into thee.

Bebri. So sayth *Bebritius* of *Bebritia*.
And layes his crowne and homage at thy feete,
Clean. Hold take your crownes agayne and kepe your othes
So shal you liue as free as here to fore, (and fealties to mee,
And neare hereafter stoupe to conquest more.

Enter Elimine and Samathis with childe,

Pego. Here comes the two widowes of the begger and the
king, litle know they that both their husbantes are turnd in-
to one king, there would be olde slauing who should bee
Queene I sayth.

Eli. Pittie dread soueraigne.

Sa. Pittie gracious Lord.

Clean. VVhat are your sutes.

Eli. I the poore countesse and the widdow left,
Of late Count *Hermes* hauing all my goodes,
seazd to our late kings vse for murder done,
Of young prince *Derules* humbly pray your grace,
I may haue somewhat to mainetayne my state,
And this poore burthen which I goe withall.
The haplesse Infant of a haplesse father.

Sa. And I my Lord humbly intreate your grace.
That where my husband *Leon* is deceast,
And left me much in debt, his creditors
Hauing seased all I haue into their handes,
And turnd me with this haplesse burthen heere,
Into the streetes your highnesse will descend,
To my reliefe by some conuenient order.

Clean. Poore soules I most extreamely pittie them,
But say is *Leon* deade,

Clean. Men say my Lord he cast his desperate body,
From Thalexandrian tower into the sea.

Clean. VVho saw the sight, or gaue out this reporte,
You maister Burgomaister.

The Blinde Begger

Pe. I did my gracious Lord.

Clean. So I deuise indeede that he should say,
That none should neuer looke for *Leon* more
But these my widowes here must not beleft,
vnto the mercie of the needy world,
Nor mine owne Issue that they goe withall,
Haue such base fortunes and there fire so great,
VVidowes in pittie of your widowhood,
And vntymely endes of both your husbandes,
The slaughter of the *Court* your husband ma-
Shalbe remitted and your selfe enioy, (dam,
The vtmost of the liuing he possesse,
So will I pay your husband *Leons* debt,
And both shall liue fitting there wonted states,
Kinges in there mercie come most neare the Goddes,
And can no better shew it then in ruth,
Of widowes and of children fatherlesse,
My selfe will therefore be to both your birthes,
A carefull father in there bringing vp.

Ambo. The Gods for euer blesse your maiestie,

Cle. But tell me were your husbandes such bad men,
That euery way they did deserue such endes,

Eli. Myne was a husband to my hartes content.
But that he vsd the priuiledge of men.

Clean. VVhat priuiledge of men,

Eli. To take some other loue besides his wife
VVhich men think by their custome they may do,
Although their wiues be strictly bound to them.

Clean. VVith whom suspect you he was great with all.

Eli. VVith this poore widow here the worlde supposeth.

sa. So thinkes the world my husband was with you.

Pe. Fayre dames what will you say to me,
If I can tell you where your husbandes bee.

Clean. VVhat can you sir.

Pe. Nay nothing sir I did but ieast with you, I feard him
I sayth but Ile be secret thats flat.

Clean. VVell maister *Burgomaister* see that you restore,

The

of Alexandria.

The goodes and landes you ceas'd.
Both of the countesse and rich *Leons* wife,
Not pittie of their widowhoods alone,
But their rare beauties moue me to this good.
Oh Maister *Burgomaister* see heres your wife come to
welcome you home from warres.

Enter Martia with a child.

Oh husband husband will you goe to warre, and leaue me in
this taking.

Pe. This taking why this is a very good taking how say
you is it not and like your Maiestie.

Clea. Tis very wel Maister *Burgomaister*.

Pe. But Shall I intreat one boone of your Maiestie.

Cle. VVhats that Maister *Burgomaister*.

Pe. Mary euen to be god father to my young *Burgomai-*

Cle. VVithall my hart fir. (ste here.

Mar. Come on sweete husband fot my time drawes neare.

Pe. Feare not thou shalt be a ioyfull mother I warrant thee.

Cle. How say you my Lordes is not our *Burgomaister* a
tall man euery way, did you not marke how manfully he be
haued himselfe in our late Battayle,

Pe. We did my Lord and wonder at his courage

Rhe. His merit doth deserue a better place.

Then to be *Burgomaister* of *Alexandria*.

Cle. Then say my Lordes how shall we deale with him.

Bi. Had he beene widower he might haue wedded with
this countesse here.

Pe. Oh I haue one of mine owne I thanke you fir, heres one
has the sweete of them I sayth:

Pe. My Lord the offer had beene to hye a grace for him
For neare did eye behold a fayrer face.

Be. So sayth mine eye that hath my hart incens'd.

Bi. And *Rhesus* me thinkes this exceeds her farre,

Rhe. No question of it as the sonne a starre.

Pe. As sodaynely as lightning beautie woundes.

Be. None euer loud but at first sight they loud,

The blinde Begger.

Po. Loues dartes are swift as is the lightning fier.

Rhe. See he shootes arrowes burning from her eyes.

Po. Why which loues *Rhesus*.

Rhe. This coelestiall dame.

Po. And which loues *Bion*.

Bi. Euen the very same.

Po. Then may I freely Ioy the countesse heere.

Be. No *Porus* for *Babrisius* loues her too

Cle. Are they in loue oh Gods would that were true
My louing ioy the fresh desire of kinges.

How now my Lords doth beauty startle you. (beauty,

Po. More then dead stockes would startle at such

Be. In vayne do I resist my passions,

Mightie *Cleantes* to annex my hart,

In loue to thee as well as victorie,

Grant this fayre countesse here may be my queene.

Po. No great *Cleantes* giue her to my hand,

VVhose hart was first the subiect of her graces.

Rhe. Then let the *Arabian* king make this his queene.

Bi. Nay this *Cleantes* let my loue inioy.

Cle. How fatall are these loues now I perceaue,

Their fortunes that I told as I was *Irus*.

VVill now in force I see be come to passe.

Sa. Oh holy *Irus* blessed be thy tongue,

That like an orator hath told our fortunes.

El. He told vs we should soone lose our first loues,

Making our second choise amongst greatest kinges.

Cle. I did indeede, but God knowes knew not how.

Pe. How say you maister brother, am not I secret now,

Cle. Thou art and be so still for not the worlde,

Shall euer know the mad pranks I haue played,

Now stand fayre my Lordes and let these Ladies view you,

El. In my eye now the blackest is the fayrest,

For euery woman chooseth white and red,

Come martiall *Perns* thou shalt haue my loue.

Be. Out on thee foolish woman thou hast chose a deuill.

Pe. Not yet sir til he haue hornes.

of Alexandria.

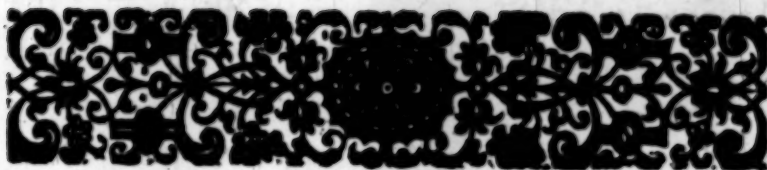
Sa. Tis not the face and colour I regard,
But fresh and louely youth allures my choyse-
And thee molt beautilous *Bion* I affecte.

Rhe. Haplesse is *Rhesus*.

Bebri. Accurst *Febritus*.

Cle. Haue patience gentle Lordes I will prouide,
Other *Egyptian* Ladies for your turne,
So will we linke in perfit league of loue,
So shall the victorie you lost to me,
Set double glorie on your conquered heades.
So let vs goe to frolicke in our Court.
Carousing free whole boules of greekish wine,
In honor of the conquest we haue made,
That at our banquet all the Gods may tend,
Plauding our victorie and this happie end, *Exeunt.*

FINIS.



Medior

